

# writers *Space*

www.writersspace.net

September 2017  
EDITION

Africa  
A monthly Literary Digital Publication

The Night I Died

Francis Omondi

A Bitter Letter to my  
Wife

Immaculate Ajiambo

The Media and the  
Crisis of Sexual Identity

Stephen Onimisi Ajinomoh

Writers Space Africa

Timo GK

Francis  
**OMONDI**

Mentored by Writers Guild Kenya

Tell Me

Christine Wairimu

Distortions

Gbalajobi Adejuwon

The Flower I Desire

Chinedu Nweke Onwe

An Affair with  
Tomorrow

(Editor's Favourite)

Nze Joeman Onyekachi

Thoughts on Love

Saka DBOSZ Junior

# Editorial

***HALLO OUR ESTEEMED READERS!***

Always a pleasure to engage you, yet another month.

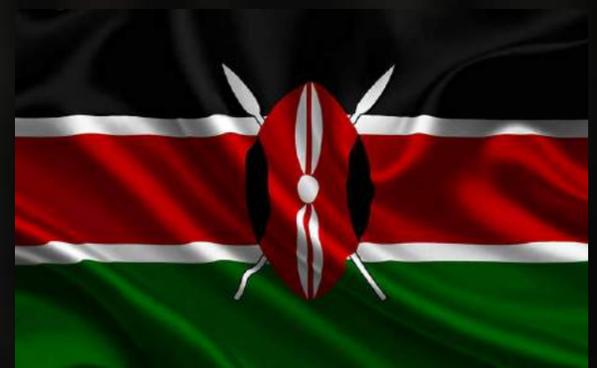
In the world all over, stories have always been told over time. Africa itself boasts of myths, legends, tales and narratives, among others, where we learn, draw strength and good morals from. A platform itself is not enough.

Writers Space Africa (WSA) September edition brings you a wide variety of subjects arising from the realities of our contemporary world.

Get informed, educated and entertained as you turn over the pages.

For more enquiries, get in touch at [editorial@writersspace.net](mailto:editorial@writersspace.net).

*Wakini Kuria  
Chief Editor,  
Writers Space Africa  
[wakinicharity@gmail.com](mailto:wakinicharity@gmail.com)*





## THE TEAM

**Wakini Kuria**  
Chief Editor

**Sandra Oma Etubiebi**  
Editor

**Gabrielina Gabriel**  
Reporter

**Anthony Onugba**  
Creative

**Shimbo Pastory William**  
Supervisor

**Saka Junior**  
Contributor

## TELL ME

Christine Wairimu

Kenya



Tell me how many times  
Did you turn down your flames  
To tend to others fire?  
Tell me how many moments  
Did you hear your heart shatter  
As you tried to hold onto  
What you thought had to be for you?  
Tell me how many times  
you silenced your intuition  
Closing your eyes to the red flags  
it was waving at you?  
Tell me how long shall you  
let yourself Wither  
To keep watering the soul  
Of those who do not care for you.  
Tell me when will you stop  
Putting yourself last?  
Tell me, when will you listen  
And let your flowers bloom?

---

*My name is Christine Wairimu, more commonly known as Wairimu the poet. I am headcurator at bymepoetryafrica. Writing for me had been about creating. when I was younger it was a hobby, but as I grew older I reconciled my writing with reality. I became completely honest with myself and how I felt. I realised writing could heal me and those who would meet my words at whatever stage in life. I write for myself, I write for the ones who may not know how to write for themselves giving them a voice and praying that in my words they will find their voice too.*

# THE MEDIA AND THE CRISIS OF SEXUAL IDENTITY

- **Stephen Onimisi Ajinomoh (Litera-steve)**

**Nigeria**



The complexity that surrounds contemporary notion of gender and the crisis of sexual identity is pushing us far off the shores of morality. The left-wing stand of the media - particularly the print and electronic media - to this unrighteous situation is even more worrisome, it has continued to affirm its negative role as far as influencing society is concerned. It was Marshall McLuhan that once said “each time we look at the present through a rear view mirror. We march backwards into the future.” The media seems to be heading toward the future in a vehicle that is void of a rear view mirror. This head-on approach toward the future constitutes a threat to the moral consciousness of this generation. Its sense of censorship falls short of the traditional notion of morality. If the media is “an extension of the human central nervous system” as McLuhan puts it, then the moral fate of this generation hangs in the balance especially as it concerns the force with which the media swinging pop culture to the liberal left.

Sexual identity in the twenty first century has taken a complex twist that radically challenges the traditional notion of gender. The attempt at normalising homosexuality, lesbianism, transgender and intersex despite its queerness culturally, religiously and otherwise is a threat to that which was once central to our sense of morality

and must not be taken lightly. In the past this would have been considered a taboo but today, the crisis of sexual identity has raised lots of arguments between individuals and societies. Unfortunately, the tension between lesbian, gay, bisexual, transsexual/transgender/transvestites and intersex (LGBTI) communities and the op-

---

The media seems to be heading toward the future in a vehicle that is void of a rear view mirror.

---

posing larger society has received massive media attention. They have capitalised on postcolonial concept of “otherness” in making a case as a marginalised and oppressed group. The decision of United States of America to legalise lesbianism, homosexuality in 2015 opened the eyes of the world to the reality of the moral decadence of the twenty first century. The position of the United States on the issue has raised moral, religious and cultural questions about the appropriateness of the practice. Well, thanks to Trump and his leftist stance in the whole saga.

More alarming is the attention the plight of LGBTI community is receiving in the print and electronic media, particularly in fictional works like novels and movies. A great number of writings and films now advocate for the rights of the LG-

BTI community, they have tapped into the affective power of art all in attempt to water down the rage of society towards their choice of identity. Fyodor Dostoyevsky observes that “at first, art imitates life. Then life will imitate art. Then life will find its very existence from the arts”. Art is a potent means of influence that is why classical scholars like Plato have described art as a threat to the moral consciousness of society. Today, homosexual characters or actors are often imbued with qualities that make them loveable and pitiable. The heavy presence of these practice in creative works of art and the internet seem to be popularising the practice than otherwise. The fictional world is an affective domain that greatly influences our perception of the world. Thus, the presence of gay heroes and heroines in fiction especially in cartoons gradually slips a message of the normalcy of the practice into the consciousness of the unsuspecting audience. Art is powerful, this is perhaps why Oscar Wilde asserts that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.

This generation must tread with caution as no continent is immune to the growing influence of the media. As much as we commend the stand of the Nigerian Government, other African nations on the issue and the stand of religious institutions, the media still constitutes a major threat as far as its coverage and influence on young minds is concerned. Nollywood and all the other “Afro-woods” have taken their apprenticeship to another level and are beginning to project the crisis of sexual identity as part of the African reality. Queer Literatures are also beginning to emerge in Nigeria literature. We must not take the power of the media for granted, to own the media is to have a voice. The influence of the social media for instance has robbed us of our communal essence as a people, and is fast

encroaching into our collective sense of morality. Today, a handful of Eurocentric Nigerians are beginning to align with the plight of the LG-BTI community. Civilization always comes with a price, the media is one expensive commodity that is fast robbing this generation of her most treasured values.

---

## THE LITTLE BEGGARS

“Sister! Sister! Was all I could hear  
They were scattered before me  
Like a broken jar tooth picks  
They were so skinny  
My eyes could feel their bones  
Going from conquest to conquest  
Searching for the super hero  
Who would save the day?

They were all lined up before me  
With their stainless plate  
Waiting for a clank of coin or food  
At first I was scared, I almost yelled  
But their eyes screamed help  
Giving that pitiful hungry look.

They kept stalking every movement  
With their eyes and plates  
With no intention of leaving with their plates void  
I hugged my purse tighter  
Afraid that their hungry eyes would bore a hole in it.

They were about to give up  
Then I raised my purse  
They danced around  
Grateful for the tiny sound  
The coin made in each plate  
Till they danced off to seek their next conquest.

- Awe wrote it

# LET ME BURN

Emmanuel Ibezimakor (Zimackos)

Nigeria



Dad lay at the doorpost, lifeless. His palm rested on the side of his gut that leaked blood, where the mob leader had stabbed him. My head was pressed against the brown sand by one of mob, next to mum, our hands tied behind us.

“One last time I’m will ask you, Mr. Preacher.” snarled their leader as he advanced towards Dad, holding out a stained machete. A whistle dangled on his neck “Where are your members?”

“I told you... I am a preacher.” Dad mouthed.

“Then what is this kind of stone doing under your bed. Huh.” He held Dad by the neck and twisted his face towards a pair of rocks laying on the floor. “This? People who keep this kind of cutlass don’t use them for slicing yam. Is this what you use to crack the skull of your victims? Huh?” He let go of the machete and held Dad with both hands. “Is this what you use to slice their body parts for your juju?”

“Better talk now so even if you die, your family can bury you. If I let you to the street...” a pretentious laughter escaped him. “You will burn to ashes.”

“I am a preacher.” Dad’s inaudible voice asserted.

“Boys!”

“No!” I protested from where I was pinned to the floor, struggling in vain to break free from the strong arms that held me. “I am the one. I the Badoo cultist.”

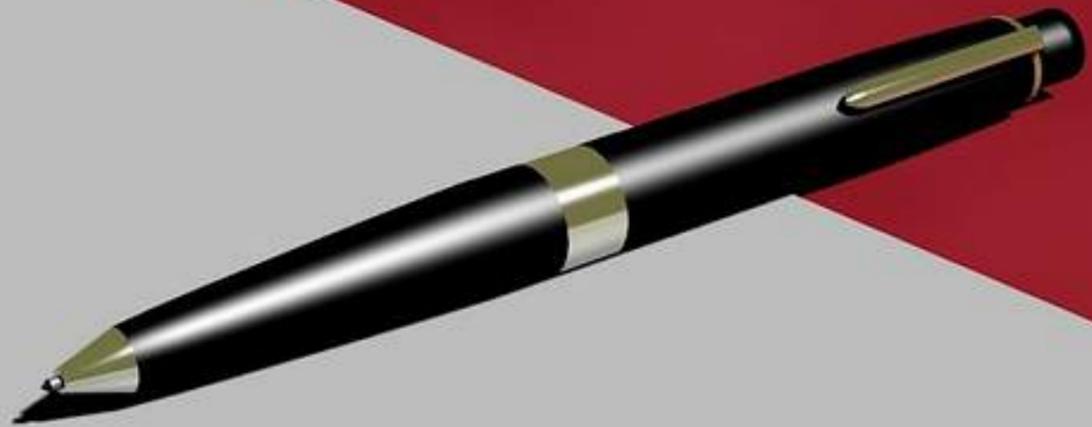
Dad jolted. Whistles blew. The mob raced towards me. A damaged truck tire rolled on the road.

“Son, what are you doing?”

“Don’t worry Dad.”

“They will burn you.”

“Let me burn.”



# A Bitter Letter to my Wife!

IMMACULATE AJIAMBØ



Kenya

Greetings.

I am a coward. Of all the things I got courage to do, this is the last I could face you and tell you what I have written. I have decided to face my demons, and I regret it. I admit that I am the guilty one, and I am sorry. Please find it in your heart to forgive me.

I pen down all this not because I want you back. I know the letter comes to you as unexpected and shocking as I could not even utter a word to you the day I walked out of the door, out of our home and out of our marriage to her car. I can only imagine how you cried yourself to sleep like a jealous lover. I never meant to make your small delicate heart suffer.

What did you tell our children? I am sure they hate me for it as the world dictates of dead beats dads. The saint they saw of a father in me is long dead, my bad. I know your heart is already forming a dark cloud as you read this and you feel like picking up your phone and calling your sister to come and help you through this tormenting hour. It is okay calling them all who care about you.

One thing I am sure of you are now locked in your room and on your knees. I remember how you would ask us to gather in the study room and pray every evening. After engaging with God during our difficult times we would feel relieved and things would work out. I have never met a prayerful woman like you. You taught me how to be grateful and today I thank you for what you went through in my name and for my name.

You are a strong woman. If only I had a remote for life, I would have pressed a pause to all our happy moments, and skipped our sorrowful ones including this one or still rewind it and be with you. Who am I? Time waits for no man. I was in a hurry to leave. I never sat down to discuss with you. Our communication was destroyed by me. I am sorry.

I am not saying all the nice things because I want to come back to you but the truth is I never meant to break your heart. I remember the night you accepted to come into my life; I told you that you were a strikingly beautiful woman that did not deserve to be scratched by the long and cruel claws of love. I wish I knew that I was the one destined to accomplish that mission of passion-gone-sour. I would have ended it before it started. I am profusely seeking your forgiveness.

As much as it would be hard to forget what I did, please try to find it in your heart. I made a fool of you, and I admit my mistake. Apology. I allowed her to screenshot your messages and emails asking me to re-think my decision and she uploaded them on the social media. The damage you went through with our daughters must have been a doomsday for you. I remember seeing how your chama women came in solidarity to defend you and threatened to sue her for defamation.

I remember the night you held me in your arms till dawn. You allowed me to sob and wet your night-dress with my cries. You comforted me and you saw my weakness that you never shared with anyone. You stood for me before your people and you believed in me when I could not. That must have used up all your courage. But how did I pay back? I took all the glory to myself. Whoever coined it that behind a successful man there is a woman had me in mind.

You are the woman equated to my life. You made me the business mogul that I was; you even worked as the marketing and Human Resource Officer with no pay, and made our company what it was. I know you read a lot, and that your love for books surpasses your hate for anything. You must have followed the court cases in the media and seen how my downfall came with a thud of humiliation. Did you know your sister told me this?

“There is no doubt that you have lost Cherry and you will lose it all.” I now know the truth. The woman who made me despise our kitchen by her several dates at Kempinski Villa Rosa and Sarova, she who made me leave church on Sundays for a turn up at club Royale left me without a penny. She took the car I bought for her, she took everything and before I realized it she had disappeared. I just found out the painful reality that she is a mother of two children and her husband is dead.

I know you would ask me what killed him. Unfortunately, he died of pneumonia and he was HIV positive. I know how my stupidity took over me. I wish I knew that I was buying myself a ticket to hell. This is not to scare you. This is not to ask to come back to you. I want you to know I remember you and our daughters fondly, and I love you. I have to put my pen down as I cannot control the bitterness I am feeling for my misery.

With regrets,  
Mathew.

# POEMS

## *I Know, I Know*

Akinrinade Funminiyi Isaac  
(Esv\_Keks)

I know there is a middle no in know,  
Slowly screaming now! A long time ago.  
The short needle driving the cart - so slow;  
From sun's rising place to where she lies low.

...

I know there is an owl hiding in know;  
Working vis-a-vis as though the cock's crow.  
She preaches know thyself! To the bimbo  
Who is below; because of the word - no.

...

I know there is a pointed nose in knows;  
Pointing to the spirit in stainless souls.  
To the east and west - the peaceful wind blows  
In the pointed nose of the saint that glows.

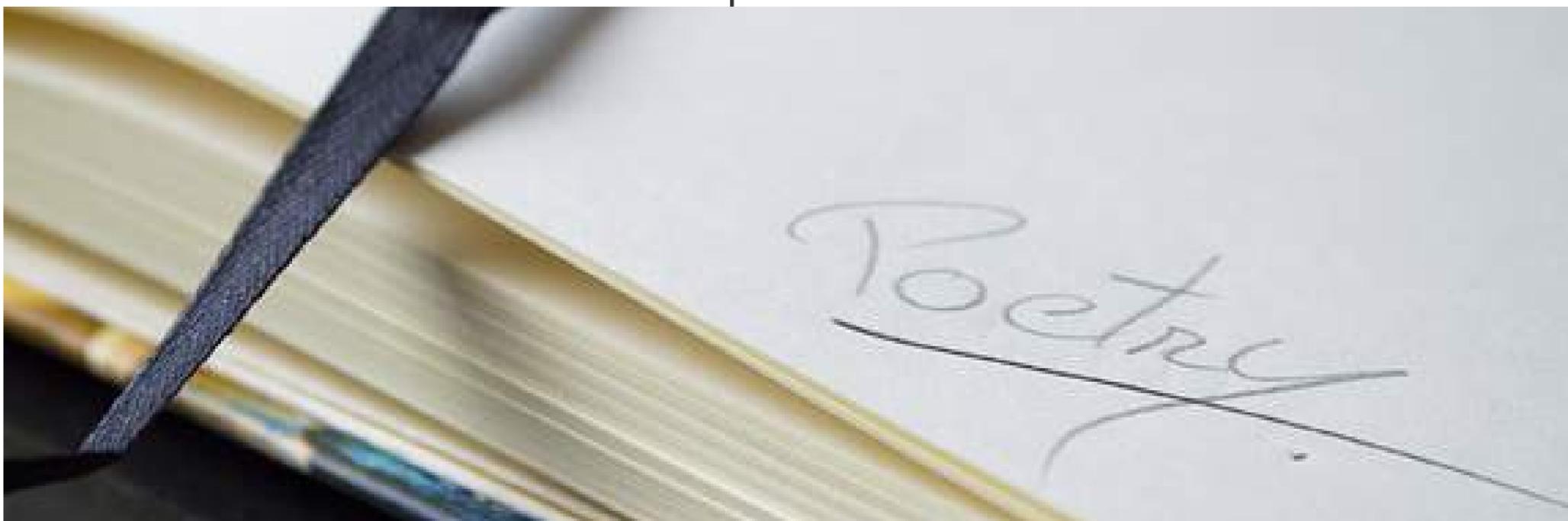
...

To the hearers who know - the no is yes;  
As the merrily now! Gently caress  
The gentle owl to owe no one; but bless  
The nose, so as to put on a new dress.

## *Distortions*

Gbalajobi Adejuwon

What! The divergence of thoughts and speech  
The immodesty of promiscuous words,  
And then our hearts an helpless Pilate,  
Releasing Barabbas at the expense of the Just.  
Man's unholy devotion,  
The revelation of his beastly passion,  
Professing love just to break her walls,  
And lay his hands on her bosom.  
Isn't this a distortion on his part?  
For he is gratified only when she is laid bare.  
Gentle passion in the closet  
But tantrums and war in open fields,  
Are these not deviations from the Creator's intention?  
Weep, O Jeremiah, for this course weep,  
For you know the thought of the Ancient  
Let the Oracle be made known,  
Preach on the reward of hate sowed.  
Then can we seek to learn of Christ,  
And level our hills by knowing his way,  
For Life only get its right course,  
When the Will of God reign.





# BOB

*Paula Norah Kodia*  
*Kenya*



---

“Just a few days back I saw a video of a man who had Bob’s cousin stuck in his ear. The guy was in serious pain. Bob’s cousin was eventually removed of course...”

---

This is the story of my encounter with a now odd ally, a moth. I know it sounds like a small and harmless creature. This moth, I will call it Bob, seemed like it was up to mischief. I have no issues with Bob(s). Let me not be misquoted. Some Pamela(s) will swallow me whole just because I named the moth Bob. Again, I have no problem with Pamela(s). At least not yet.

Bob could not settle down. Bob kept flying round and round the bulb and on top of my head. I know Bob’s race are attracted to light. Somehow, they all seem to love light. You only see them at night. Makes me wonder where they were during the day when there was

light everywhere! There must be a biological explanation to that but I promised myself not to Google it. I cannot read any biology.

Back to Bob. Bob was huge. Not the ordinary small sized moths that are everywhere. No, not Bob. He had muscles (moth muscles). Huge muscles. I am not making this up. Bob was like the younger version of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

I have issues with the likes of Bob. They freak me out. Them and their neighbours, the spiders. I believe it’s called Entomophobia. I had no problem going on with my cooking while Bob flexed his muscles. Such a show off! My problem began the moment I couldn’t see him. That is

a huge problem. All was good when I could keep track of his movements. Not when he disappeared. I didn't care if Bob was having a private moment. Dude needed to be found. And fast!

Just a few days back I saw a video of a man who had Bob's cousin stuck in his ear. The guy was in serious pain. Bob's cousin was eventually removed of course, still alive! With this image still fresh in my mind, I decided I was going to do everything in my power to find Bob. He was huge and there is just no room in my ear for a bug his size. Pun intended.

The search was crazy! Bob was nowhere to be found.

At this point, I decided I was not giving up. I had to gear up for a mission: Find Bob. Bob was a R.E.D. (Rude and Extremely Dangerous). Bob hides pretty well for a huge bug. Again, pun intended.

I had to find Bob before he caused chaos. I was the only one who could do it. Lives depended on me. I was humanity's only hope. I had to be brave. I had to face my fears head on. It was a one-woman mission. I was in-charge. Ok...now I am exaggerating.

I did however gear up for the search well enough. I wore my earphones to cover my ears. I got a broom. Though it felt like a machine gun at this point. You know like the fancy ones that the bad guys in action movies always have. I was armed. All this time, people were waiting for food, I was in charge of dinner.

My mission lasted just a few minutes, which to a hungry person is close to 3hours.

I did find Bob, hidden somewhere behind the cooker. Creepy. Whatever it was doing there, only its creator knows. I did not kill Bob. He had to go back and tell his story. He had to narrate a tale on his encounter with a human girl. He had to spice up the story with some ridiculous details. He had to look cool before his mates. With his size, I assume he is a certified gym trainer or a body-building enthusiast. In his world of course.

I spared Bob's life so he could tell his Pam about me. Pam would tell her family and the news would spread. No one from their race would bother me. They will never try to do what Pete (the cousin who loves ears) did to one of us. Because I spared Bob's life, we will have an alliance.

I had handled the whole Bob situation like a trained soldier and the mission was over. No casualties. I had to get back. Back meant dealing with all the anger from the people. They were hungry! It's sad that they will never know how I risked my life and hearing ability just to save them. I may have been toughened by that experience, but it was not enough for what was coming. I had to face my hungry family. It was time...They can be mean!

One of us will have to learn the other's language. I guess the moths; they are always around us enough as it is. It might just be Pam, for the treaty negotiations between our races.

# THE NIGHT I DIED

FRANCIS OMONDI

KENYA



The bark of the dogs outside was too immense that I couldn't contain it anymore in my sleep. I woke up and switched on the lights, looked at my watch and it was 3 a.m. I remembered it was time to say the 3 o'clock prayer. I knelt down to pray and left the dogs to sort their issues by themselves. After all, it was their mating period. They were bound to make noise.

As I did the sign of the cross, I fell on the floor. I tried to wake up but I couldn't. I did it the second time, and again I failed. I wondered what was wrong. I tried it again the third time. This time I managed but I woke up without my body. Another whole of me peeled from my own body. I have never experienced such a thing before. "What could it be?" I asked myself. Here I was, standing and my body was still lying on the floor, in a state I didn't know. Then a white creature with broad wings appeared to me. I can't say where it came from, neither what it wanted.

"Son, let's go," it said.

"Where?" I asked emphatically.

"To the master," it replied.

"What about this," I asked as I pointed towards my body.

"You are dead!" it exclaimed.

I was frightened. I didn't know what to do.

"Follow me!" it commanded. Like a sheep, I innocently followed it. As I walked, I kept looking back to see my lifeless body. I still cared about it though. I was embarrassed on how it died with a fake smile. I wish I could go back and adjust it and make it look more presentable, but there was no time. It was done.

We walked through dark tunnels, climbed stairs all that seemed to lead to one place. We were in the clouds. Bright golden light shone from afar. "That's where we are going," the creature said as it pointed up in the sky. "There is no second chance. Your day has come," it added. I knew I wouldn't win the case that awaited me above. I wish I had repented before I died. But there was no time.

All this while, news of my death spread like desert fire. I could see friends and relatives wail over my lifeless body. I could see some dumb founded. I tried to shout to them and tell them I am not dead but the voice never came out.

"Don't think of it. They won't hear you. You are dead child," the creature said.

I was left with no option but to head straight to the source of the golden light, with the hope that I will win the case before me and return to my body or even reincarnate and continue living.

I looked back once more and saw my friends carry a casket. I was convinced my dark pretty body was in there. Slowly, they lowered it to the grave. Promptly, they covered the grave and left. There was nothing I could do. They had covered my body six feet below the top soil. I told myself, even if I go back to my body, I will never make it again above the soil. I was left with no option, but to rest as I wait for my day to go to the depression. "Eternal rests grant me, and may you shine your perpetual light upon me. May I rest in peace," I said.

\*\*\*\*

The third night in the tomb, and there was no sign of care atop the grave. In the outer space, there was no sign of life. It was wide and dark with a small breeze blowing. May be it was nyawawa the spirits.

I walked for a few hours in space then sat down to think. I looked down on earth and I saw Nyawira, who until my untimely demise was my missing rib.

She looked sad. Consolation attempts by friends and relatives bore no fruits. She lost emotional control and stubbed herself to be death on my crypt. I saw her soul rise from her body running to space.

"How could love be so stupid?" I questioned.

I watched from a far as Nyawira's soul headed straight to me.

I was confused. I started running away from it. I never wanted an episode of whatever that happened to us on earth to repeat itself in this empty space.

"I love you Rodger," her soul said as it caught up with me.

"Wait Nyawira! We are dead! Love doesn't exist between the dead," I said in an attempt to stop her.

"Our souls are together as they were back on earth. This is true love," she responded hoping to convince me.

"This isn't love! Its madness," I dismissed as I pushed her away. All this while, she was making romantic manoeuvres towards me.

As she advanced her interest, so did my resistance fade away slowly. She touched my chin and life came back again. The distance between us vanished. Her natural scent reminded me of the bunch of rose flowers I placed on her door step so as to make up with her after a terrible misunderstanding on her twentieth birthday. I gave in and took charge of the game.

Gently, I explored her physique. Her anatomy was still intact. The morphological architecture below her waist was an undulating contour with perfect curves. It creatively exaggerated her symmetrically skewed posterior devoid of stretch marks that had a positive gradient.

Our heads slopped inwards. Our lips, in a slow motion, moved towards each other ready to interlock. She mourned in pleasure. Her fingers became itchy. Her inner strength unhurriedly ended. A French kiss was the faultless opener to the ecstasy ahead. I missed her lips when I attempted to osculate her. I tried again but missed it for the second time. That miss was painfully loud. For the whole period, my eyes were closed because of the frenzy.

Suddenly, I felt her absence and opened my eyes only to find a fully packed room, each individual recording a footage on their respective mobile phones.



# TALKING L.O.V.E

With  
**SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR**

## EPISODE 6: THOUGHTS ON LOVE

If I love somebody, s/he must really deserve every bit of that love and my love must have worth of its own worthy of what it's about. Who I love must be important to me in some ways and beyond sexual perception as loving my neighbor as a concept is beyond amorous perception of relationship. The person I love must be almost better than me to sustain my faith in our relationship. S/he must be almost perfect to attract and keep my respect.

I will love my friends' children the same way they do as parents. I must share in the pains they endure bringing up these kids and the affections too. But then, this object of affection must also respect me for it will be wrong for me to have affection for people who can easily harm me. My good love must be valued by those I so honoured, the ones that love made mine and I called them by that title. These people I called mine have the right to anger where I knowingly prefer another over them. Thus; I am bound by the honour of my solemnly declared love and trust to limit my affection within the sphere I so declared as mine and accepted as same.

On the other hand; I see the beings outside my sphere of honour as strangers not worthy of my inner devoted love and has no claim of me. I have the feeling they have no thought of me and I will manage to appreciate them as much as my faith could contain.

As Sigmund Freud wrote: Not merely is this stranger in general unworthy of my love; I must honestly confess that he has more claims to my hostility and even hatred. He seems not to have the least trace of love for me and shows not the slightest consideration. If it will do him any good he has no hesitation in injuring me, nor does he ask himself whether the amount of advantage he

gains bears any proportion to the extent of the harm he does me. Indeed not even obtain an advantage if he has no hesitation in injuring me. Indeed he need not even obtain an advantage. He can satisfy any sort of desire by it. He thinks nothing of jeering at me, insulting, slandering and showing his superior power to me. The more secure he feels the helpless I am thus I can expect him to behave like this to me. If he shows me consideration as a stranger, I am ready to treat him in the same way ...

Okay; let us not spoil our show with plenty brain stressing talks. I will at this juncture leave you with some nuggets of love. Hey, some may not be sweet ... please don't take my scalp for it.

### ***ESSENTIAL NUGGETS IN THE GAME OF LOVE:***

Before you go loving, please take note.

1. A man already in possession of anything a woman has to offer need be in no hurry to marry her – Robyn Sisman (Total Strangers).
1. Love is celebrated because it's an easy sell for songs, movies and books.
2. Loving a selfish or the wrong person is a tough mistake. It's like this: A lover desires a return that inspires him/her to do more. When the other is not meeting up this expectation, the lover cannot explode in full. There is that thing forced to hold back because the "in" key is held back. The lover will not reach a full potential and what next is to drop. It's like a running water, if given way to flow it cleans up wherever it passes and increases speed and soon carries only clean water but where such encouragement is not given, the water stagnates into a pool and fouls over time. You must always encourage love to bloom in full colour.
3. The first war you fight in love is against your body and its unguided desires.
4. You never see never see pains but it happen to be the colour of most love affairs.
5. A life time in love teaches you to suffer and endure romantic and non-romantic pains.
6. If you want love, you get love but you must act first.
7. Love is the key word that got us connected to the world.
8. Love doesn't cost a thing? Lies, love costs money, energy, time sacrifice, pains and life.
9. Lovers expect something from somebody they love. What does your lover expect from you?
10. When a woman takes a man's hand she either places it where she enjoys it or throws it away.
11. If he is not talking about sex and she not talking about money in the name of love then what are they talking about? Nothing dey happen there jare ...
12. Love and money always melt into one at the end of the day.
13. Just like the world cup there is only one true love and that love brings the world together.
14. Some denied themselves love for fear of failing but the failing is the true appeal of falling in love.
15. The question, "is should I love?" The answer is, "yes, you should love." Loving is a natural response to creation. The bible told us of God's wish, "Love one another..." Love is a natural response to divine rule for us.
16. Don't believe in the authority of lying love.
17. What the heart sets heart to get is love and not the not betrayal some offer in its stead.
18. Some of us are here to show you the beautiful side of the word, love.
19. Love unlike likeness is tilted towards spiritualism, something you believe in and has become light in your dark songs.
20. Love is first of all a thought and then an action and finally, functional.
21. Love alone is its own reason.
22. Love is only a learning phase in the study of life.

23. Love tastes better in songs, romantic novels and movie.
24. Love: Desire it.
25. Forget the letters that spelt love and dwell on the spirit behind the word.
26. Love will find its way back into every heart.
27. Love come and go like sunrise and sunset leaving imprints and memories.
28. Love is always worth it.
29. Love has no tribal mark.
30. If you love somebody say it or you loss it.
31. After many decades of pretense love finally show its under belly.
32. Love like diplomacy is a form of art. You need words, gestures and body language to get to get the message across and even persuade the object of your affection.
33. Love is not a competition but a tournament. You don't play all your game at once. You keep your eyes on your opponents, your mind figuring his improving on your moves and getting better.
34. Sometimes you wonder, "Where is the love that set stars shooting or are lovers mere dreamers?"

I THINK THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO LEAVE YOU - TILL SEASON 7 CALLS, DBOSZ LOVES YOU.

---

## Check the Street

### James Joy Ufort

I was walking down the street when my eyes stumbled on a little frail child. Now my heart missed the next beat wondering why my homeland with so much green and ocean of grace still drown in that aimless struggle they call survival of the fittest.

Children!

Deafening with resounding lies they hear day by day. Given hope of that imaginary future while they waste at home counting pebbles and abacus instead of fingering integrators in the tabernacle of education; blistered skin. Then sun and wind and lightening came still the need to survive.

Children!

My heart bleeds as we peep from our window of security while these unsecured wards filled with anger and hatred for the society that birth them. For survival sake, their hasty finger grip tight on that deadly metal and they are thrown behind bars yet we pray to see the sunlight while the son's light is misused.

Children!

We need the opportunity to live, see, and inhale the same breath of happiness as you. When leaders turn their back on us, we need readers to face us. Give us the privilege to gain knowledge. Grant us a taste of your power to lead. Your promise of our tomorrow is ending and our patience is ticking fast.

Now!

It's not just me, but the children in the street, the unlearned ones and the unborn leaders who are battered, brutally bruised, denied the opportunity to see but another unending day.

Please think of the children!

# AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANCIS OMONDI

*Mentored by Writers Guild Kenya*

A portrait of Francis Omondi, a man with short dark hair and glasses, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light blue shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

*Francis Omondi, a passionate lover of African literature and leadership, holds a bachelor's degree in Information Sciences from Moi University, Kenya. He worked as a freelance journalist in the past, and presently gives commentaries about Kenya's publishing and literary scene on Saturday Nation newspaper. He has been published by Writers Guild Kenya in a poetry anthology titled Through the Journey of Hope. In 2015, he was a member of a committee that drafted a youth declaration in Arusha, Tanzania, that was tabled in East Africa Legislative Assembly. He hopes that someday, some, if not all, of his short stories will be used as set text in Kenyan curriculum. His favorite African authors are Ayub Ndi, Chimimanda Ngozi Adichie and Samwel Wachira. When not with computers and machines, he enjoys reading teachings of Aristotle, Socrates and St. Pope John Paul II.*

*How long have you been writing?*

Five years now.

*From your bio, it's obvious you are passionate about writing. Why then did you choose to settle for Information Science?*

I love challenging myself. When I joined the university, I wanted to pursue either a degree in Literature or Theatre Arts but ended up studying Information Sciences. That was back in April 2012.

*That means you recognized your gifting in writing before proceeding to study Information Science?*

Yes.

*So you practise as an information scientist?*

Yes I do. I specialised in Information Technology and now a practising Wireless Network Engineer.

*Did you have, and do you still have the full support of your family in your writing career?*

Yes I do. Their support is moral. They are the greatest readers of my works.

*How was your experience as a freelance journalist?*

I loved it even if it came with risks to my life. I ventured into Crimes and Investigative reporting, and I received threats from the people I exposed. I called it quits in December 2014.

*And your published piece in the poetry anthology "Through the journey of hope", what was it about?*

It is a message to African mothers from their children when they (children) decide to move out and make the best out of their lives. It's always painful to parents to let go but the piece gives an assurance to the parents. The writer being the persona.

You have a collection of short stories. What themes were they built upon?

They aren't thematic. They talk about morals. I take diverse angles like religion, relationships and politics all shining on morals and ethics.

*So we can say you write didactics.*

Yes...

*Kindly give a brief summary of one of your short stories, say, 50 words or less.*

My best is titled Original Sin. It is a story about a young man who falls in love with a lady called Aisha. While he's thinking of getting married to her, he gets a call to priesthood. He's disturbed but he decides to go to the seminary. When he's ordained as a priest, Aisha shows

up with a young girl. He feels attached to the girl but he doesn't know that Aisha's daughter is his child. Aisha invites him over for dinner and reveals the truth about her daughter. The gent is left in a dilemma.

*Link to your website?*

www.kalulusite.wordpress.com articles with a chauvinistic tone!

*Okay, we've heard a lot of perspectives on "What writing entails. Can we hear yours?"*

Writing entails wide reading. Majorly it's that, and also, being creative even in passing common messages like "Corruption is Evil."

*Please share with us more on how Writers Guild Kenya has imparted you. We've had lots of Kenyans talk about 'her'.*

Writers Guild Kenya has opened my mind into the vast opportunities that writing has to offer. Also, it has proved to me that writing pays. If we don't earn from it, is there need to do it?

*So we can say writing pays you?*

Yes. It contributes 20% of my gross monthly income.

*In your words: you were a member of a committee that drafted a youth declaration in Arusha, Tanzania that was tabled in East Africa Legislative Assembly. Throw more light on this please?*

Action Aid International (an NGO) organised a Youth Governance Festival in Tanzania for youths in East Africa. I was lucky to be among the participants. As we pondered on solutions to Africa's problems as youths, one of the participants recommended we draft a youth declaration and table it to our mother countries. But very few people were ready for the task, so I offered to do it. We were a team of seven youths and we managed to draft it and successfully, table it to East Africa Legislative Assembly (EALA) in Arusha, Tanzania. Luckily, our recommendations have been adopted by Restless Development and Youth Vision Sounds Tanzania, and they are being implemented in Tanzania as a pilot project.

---

*"African countries should abolish VAT on books and related materials, revise their copyright acts so as to protect authors' works from piracy, and hold annual prizes of literature for her citizens. This way, I believe, Africa will never be a literary desert."*

---

*That's a feather to your cap.*

Humbled.

*(Smiling) I see you're a big fan of Africa's foremost female writer, Chimamanda Adichie. What thrills you about her writing?*

Her tone and the ease at which she plays with words. Let me say, her words sit next to each other like smartly dressed gentlemen

Your take on 'We Should all be Feminists'

*I agree with her, but that doesn't mean that there is a superior gender. Male and female were created to complement each other, not to compete with each other. We can learn from animals*

*on this. Equality or equity?*

Now this one is tricky. Original order from the Creator made us equal, but human beings think they know better. Again, the Creator intended equity for us that's why man and woman played unique roles for the general order of the universe before the serpent decided to trick Eve...So all of them apply to me. None is greater than the other.

*Any recent published work?*

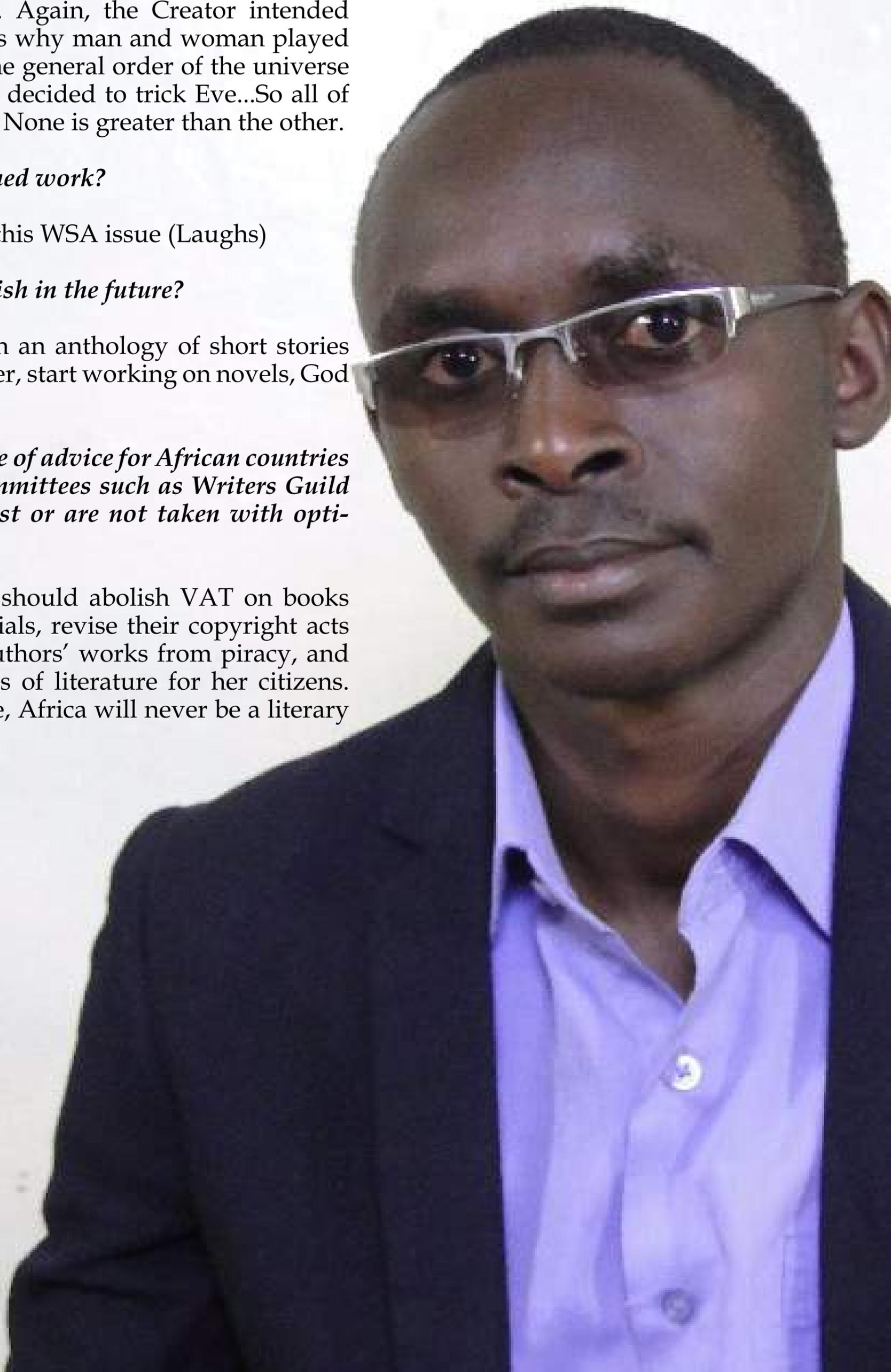
My short story in this WSA issue (Laughs)

*Any plans to publish in the future?*

I intend to publish an anthology of short stories next year, thereafter, start working on novels, God willing.

*Kindly drop a piece of advice for African countries where literary committees such as Writers Guild Kenya, do not exist or are not taken with optimum seriousness.*

African countries should abolish VAT on books and related materials, revise their copyright acts so as to protect authors' works from piracy, and hold annual prizes of literature for her citizens. This way, I believe, Africa will never be a literary desert.



# PASTORY'S CORNER

With  
*Shimbo Pastory William*  
Tanzania



## MOTHER

Mother is every thing  
Shares all thing  
All in all being  
She made me a king

Mother is all good  
Gives all food  
Endures all mood  
She saves me from cold

Mother is all loving  
Calms all crying  
Even at night disturbing  
She wakes and me keeps patting

Mother is so crucial  
Very mutual  
And most spiritual  
She treats me very special

When dad was [and is] troubled  
Mom never waited  
In love she questioned  
And solution proffered

Mama nine months me sheltered  
Never me aborted  
Hard labour she endured  
And my life safety assured

Mummy you are precious than gold  
I need not be told  
I keep saying in bold  
Sweetheart, you will never be old.

Who am I without you?  
May be not life my due!  
Mum, I must thank God for you  
While I pray not to miss you

## TIME FLIES

Time flies  
Clock shines  
Its hands wine  
To stop! No sign!

Sun sails  
Day trails  
Darkness hails  
Moon spells

Morning mails  
Cock tells  
Work or sales  
Again prevails

Some sleep  
And gossip  
From morning beep  
Till night creep

Toil's brave  
Sleep's grave  
Time's hive  
Where men survive

Talents die  
Men'd sigh  
Life's high  
Deaths nigh

Potentials waste  
With such a haste  
Them came and went  
Them never spent

Time flies  
Use or loose  
Be fast to choose  
And wisely do use

## Bottom Power

Kay Ugwuede

Nnemka would always remember Lagos for the never ending pockets of activities that seemed to stretch a 24 hour day into 48. In Lagos, time never stopped.

In Enugu, life moved painfully slow, like a pregnant woman who was very close to her delivery date. She hated it - the laziness it subconsciously bestowed on its inhabitants, the ease with which they took life.

When Nnemka first met Oyin in the year one dormitory at the Girls Government College in Enugu, white shirt torn, and red pinafore ripped by the side, her victim on the floor curled up in fear and shame, she was certain nothing was going to make their paths cross again.

They graduated as best of friends, a union that beat her imagination as much as it did their teachers and classmates.

It was Oyin who taught her about boys, and the charm of femininity.

It was one thing to give this man her body willingly yet another time. It was a completely different thing to ask him for something in return. For the first time, Nnemka imagined herself to be one of the girls who stood along Allen Avenue in Ikeja at night, skins creamed white with brash chemicals in expensive bottles, brazenly looking for one-minute lovers.

“I’m in a bit of an urgent money trouble”, she said more to herself than him.

She slipped the check into her handbag the next morning as she slid on her shoes. Oyin called it bottom power.

## The Flower I Desire

Chinedu Nweke Onwe

‘What a world of love I’ve finally found after several trials of love,’ I said to myself. It is a perfect conviction, that my love for Stephanie is supernatural. From the first day I set my eyes on her, till now, the passion I crave for her knew no bound, radiating like the rays of the sun, and emitting like the radioactive waves.

Having spoken with Stephanie; her smiles were entangling, putting my mind at rest that her would-be response to my request will be yes, since she needed time to make her decisions; though we’ve being good friends for quite some time.

Sitting relax, among my friends, preparing to embark on a traditional marriage in Stephanie’s house. Shortly, we found ourselves there, sitting joyfully as we were given a befitting and warm welcome. The celebration was an epoch making event since countless numbers of dignitaries were present. We received a lot of accolades and adulations from friends and well-wishers.

Everything needed to be done by the groom was successful and finally, wine was given to the bride in search of the groom; after rigorous search all over the compound, she brought the wine and I drank, gave her a warm hug with plenty ‘naira notes’ inside her glasses. I grabbed her and said to her, ‘finally we will spend the rest of our lives together’ dipping my lips on hers, only to see myself on my bed, and behold it was a dream.

# THE ELDERLY, LONELY WOMAN

Thomas Mwiraria Murithi

Kenya



When we were young, growing up beneath the rolling hills of Meru, there sat a lonely, little crumbling, mud baked and grass thatched hut by the edge of Thagara forest. There in solitude of the forest it sat like a timid, drenched bird. My eldest sibling claimed to have strayed around. He told us the hut had a dirt and green moss clung to ruby walls. In the place of the door a bloom of moss overhang. This lumpy den of thin mud-clay walls with an unusual small door barely large enough for a thin lad like me to crawl through, was topped with dry and yellowing leaves that would fall from a towering, ancient Mugumo tree. He told us that a family of birds had ornately weaved nests by its dark rear. He claimed to have heard some mumbling human sound at one time.

Occasionally, thin blue scrolls of smoke would curl up through the grass thatching then slowly dance into the canopy of boughs as if unwilling to leave the hut. Our elders had warned us against going near the lonely, crumbling hut at the edge of the forest. We were afraid. We were afraid and curious. One day, I asked M'Mutua, our immediate neighbor, why nobody dared to go near the lonely hut. I asked him, 'M'Mutua, who lives in the collapsing hut by the edge of the forest?'

M'Mutua: A bad woman lives there. Don't dare to go there child. Don't. A bad omen lives in the little hut. Curiosity getting the better part of us, Kirimi, Mwiti and I sneaked to the forest edge one early evening. Without a thought about who lived inside, we tucked our chins to our chests and tiptoed against coarse walls and gently thumped. Nobody answered. This went on for several days and each time we were greeted by silence. Some residual smoke smell hung in the air. It had a blend of dry heated cow dung and an aroma of roasted potatoes. One day, after the previous night's rain pour, we went to the forest edge to pick guavas that were in season. That day, the hut was in a worse shape. Its collapse was imminent. The usual tendrils of smoke wafted about and I had a lung full of it. It tasted rich. Mwiti saw tiny human footsteps on the mud leading to the moss door.

We could hear coughing and wheezing from the hut. After a moment, she stepped slowly from the dark

mossy ‘door’. Her frame was frail. Age had drawn many rows of wrinkles all over her dark face. A lifeless mop of cotton white hair cropped on her tiny head. Her eyes were pale and deeply buried into their sockets. Her entire face seemed drained of any signs of joy and amusement. Instead, her frumpy cheeks told a tale of loneliness, thirsting and hunger.

Upon seeing us, she managed a toothless smile. In a quivering voice, she greeted us:

‘Muugenitwana (hello children)

We choired, Muga mono juju’ (hello too grandma)

“Bwejagutuampera?” (coming to look for guavas?) She asked.

“iiii juju,” (yes grandma) we said in unison.

“Njuunitujubutuempera” (come my grandkids, have as many),

the old lady said as she pointed to the ripened guava trees all around the small compound.

Two days later, my friend Kirimi went down with fever, chills, headache, sweats, nausea, vomiting and diarrhoea. For three days, Kirimi lay on his rickety bed. For three days we dared not go out even to forage for guavas or play with the frogs at the green murky ponds. Ponds that swarmed with armies of mosquitoes. Kirimi’s parents sent for M’Muna, a feared witchdoctor from Mujwa. For three more days, M’Muna camped around the compound sprinkling herbal waters around the house, uttering abracadabra and talking to some invisible being. Sometimes he would be heard saying,

“Riiiiiiishwaaaaas, katagrivelia, pandamukima ,riiiiishwaaaa!”

All the while Kirimi weakened. His cheeks burned with the flush of fever. On the seventh day, my best friend passed on. Finally, the witchdoctor declared that he had been bewitched by the lone, elderly woman who lived at the edge of the forest.

Like wild fire, word spread throughout the village that the ‘old hag ‘ had plucked out yet another flower from Muguru village. In their droves, the villagers poured into M’Mugambi’s compound to comfort the family for the loss of their beloved son. ‘Death! She must die!’ Meme shouted.

“Death! The witch must die,” the voices groaned. Seething with anger like a volcano, the villagers collected sticks and stones.

Soon, a procession led by Meme snaked through the banana farms. Soon, the crowd surrounded the strange, little hut and forcefully pulled out the elderly woman from the ramshackle.

“She is the witch of Muguru, look at her eyes. Look, they are red. Look how wizened she is, and why does she live in solitude?” Meme quizzed.

“Oh, why?” they all replied

“The witch must die,” Meme shouted.

“She must,” they all groaned.

“Suffer not, a witch to live,” Meme shouted.

“We shan’t suffer for a witch to live,” they groaned.

Meme then slapped her. Brawny men rained on her with blows and kicks. A hail of stones rained on her from all directions. Her scream was the kind of strangled cry that belongs to those not long for

this world. A scream of one in mortal terror, rooted to the spot and too afraid to run. There was no more strength in her voice, just inaudible movement of her blood soaked lips. Her breath quivered in short, quick gasps every time she inhaled, her lungs having no choice but to painfully choke in her own blood. She couldn't stop shaking either. Her tiny body finally lay motionless on the grit and blood soaked grass.

Rummaging through the skeletal hut, they found a few utensils, a few old and torn clothes, a portrait of her long dead husband, a Bible, a rosary and prayer mat. The lone elderly lady I was taught to despise, hate, and fear was only a pious hermit that lived alone for many years dedicating her life in prayer and meditation after the death of her husband.

She caused no one pain. She was not greedy. She was not evil. She was not rude, or rough. She was only lonely, poor and elderly. Ciombura was murdered by the hatred of the living world.

## **A MAN IS NEVER UGLY**

**OLANREWAJU MOSES**

On the coast Borno,  
We heaped skulls of splintered mothers and stifled babies,  
Of men laid to rest in peace, and of orphans hung for being born ugly,  
Although, a man, they say, is never ugly,  
But what do we say of men digging deep chasms to collect the deaths  
Of lives not lived but spent,  
Of trees not grown but bent,  
What do we say of expectant fathers waking not to sunrise but mourning?

In the Aleppo  
The melody of screaming souls is a ghoulish to an unborn child,  
It is the pellet of stones darted into the chassis of tomorrow,  
It is curtains of history, padded in between the shutters of woes and sorrow,  
It is a large marketplace, sold off to merchants of the underworld,  
Who are men graced with the slough of a snake that knows how to smile.

A man is never ugly,  
But, first, you don't like his tribal marks,  
They are sagging crisscrosses like two roads Robert Frost would never take,

Then you don't like his breath, they reek like rotten bush meats,  
Then, you don't like his people because unlike yours,  
They are just ants who respect no climate, or tireless termites who can fall any tree:  
You are the storm in Biafra's cup.

The Creator is not a biased painter,  
Who dabs a little face with too large a hump of clay,  
'A man is never ugly',  
The creator never created this one truth, men did.



# EDITOR'S FAVOURITE

# AN AFFAIR WITH TOMORROW

## NZE JOEMAN ONYEKACHI

*Nigeria*



“Yesterday is history, tomorrow is mystery, today is a gift from God, which is why we call it the present.”

I've got no business with yesterday, its history, never current and lies waste in the dusty archives.

Tomorrow is mystery; something secret, unknown and unexplainable. It displays a beautiful but sealed container whose content remains secret and uncertain until it comes. This is why it cuddles great dreams and visions of the hopeful on its romantic chest. It is a descriptive lover who mastered the art of romance and seduction at a tender age, causing many to trust the uncertain future.

Its girlfriend is procrastination. It is a committed friend that drags customers to patronize her boyfriend tomorrow. Two hopeless friends that kills the hopes of the hopeful, swallowing up their dreams with their hopeless hopes.

Why have an affair with tomorrow? It never comes. It is but a descriptive mirage having same status with a spirit husband. Please break that relationship, and accept the ever fresh love of today.

Always fresh and timely, fair and comely; that's why it is called today. Ever present, ever ready. Just smiling and inviting, remains even after 24hours. It is both an excellent child and a successful parent: the child of yesterday and parent of tomorrow. There is less hope in the saying: “leaders of tomorrow.” The leaders of today remain leaders, because tomorrow if it ever comes would change its name to today.

Why not kiss goodbye to your relationship with tomorrow and accept the love of today?



# WRITERS SPACE AFRICA



Writers assemble for  
re-reads and critic of the literary humble  
indefinite infinite ideas  
tyranny of words  
engaging patterns of growth  
rearing novices and enigmas  
steering the willing.

Space for the willing  
place for the trying  
ace for the playing  
centre for the unique  
enlarged by diversity.

Adding diversity  
from the west to the east  
roaming from the north to the south  
include the central  
celebrating  
Africa

- Timo G.K.

# writers Africa *Space*

---

---

**W**e are happy to announce that the Writers Space Africa Literary Magazine is open for submissions.  
We are accepting submissions from African writers, irrespective of age.

**The maximum word counts are as follows:**

**Flash Fiction: 100 words**

**Short Stories: 800 Words**

**Plays: 1,000 Words**

**Literary Essays (Personal or Literary): 2,500 Words**

**Poetry: 1 poem of not more than 18 lines**

**Please consider:**

1. The author retains full copyright of any work published.
2. Some selected write-ups will be published on our website.
3. Although we want every writer to have an opportunity to be published, each write-up will be judged. We will publish only the best.
4. We only accept electronic submissions in: doc, docx or txt.
5. Deadline is September 15, 2017.

**To submit, please visit:** [www.writersspace.net/submission](http://www.writersspace.net/submission)

**If you have any questions or encounter technical difficulties, please contact us at:**

[editorial@writersspace.net](mailto:editorial@writersspace.net)

**Remember to like us on facebook:** [www.writersspace.net/writersspaceafrica](http://www.writersspace.net/writersspaceafrica)

We look forward to reading your work.